MY SHIP.

O, Captains, if you sight my ship—
My ship that went to sea,
I pray you, waft a message
O'er the salt waves home to me.

For she may be where breakers roll
And roar on rocks above—
The ship I fashioned from my soul
And freighted with my love.

But the captains—they are silent,
And the sailors do not see;
And not in light and not in night
Comes my lost ship home to me.

But ever in the darkness
Of shores where breakers sound,
One voice to me: The moaning sea
That murmurs of the drowned!
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

THE OLD TAVERN.

Twenty years ago, before so many railroads were built, there was a great deal of travel over the old trail which runs through the mountains of Northern Georgia into Tennessee. This was sufficient excuse for the existence of the old Blue tavern, crowded into a niche high up on the mountain side, just at the beginning of Hutter's gap.

Sarah, the daughter of the house, was a beautiful girl of 17. She had no remembrance of any other home than the bleak mountain inn, and if she was tired of the lonely life made no complaint. She had had a governess for several years, so was better educated than most girls of her acquaintance and was very happy with her books and piano.

Will, the son, was a lad of 15, not fond of books, but perfectly happy with his gun and dog, spent half of his time in hunting, sometimes alone, but more often in company with Joe, the stable man.

These were lawless times, twenty years ago, but no trouble had ever come to Mr. Harbin through the lawless characters that infested the mountains until a few weeks before the time of which I write. Then a valuable horse had been stolen from the stable, of which no trace had yet been gained. Then, one day in February, word was sent to him to come at once to the county seat, Delonegah, some fifteen miles away, to see if he could identify his horse among a number which had been captured along with several desperadoes.

To do this he must leave the children alone, the two negroes being away at meeting on the other side of the mountain. They would be home before dark, and the boy and girl were quite destitute of fear, so they urged the father so strongly he saddled up and was soon on his way.

Now Will was a merry-hearted fellow, always whistling and singing. In fact his father often said he could make more noise in a day than any other boy he knew could in a month, but that morning he went about so quietly, Sarah was quick to notice it.

"What is the matter, Will?" she queried, passing in her work as he came in with a big armful of wood, and after putting it in the box sat down with a moody face. "Why are you not whistling?"

"Nothing, only I wish father had not gone. I don't know what ails me, but I am sure something dreadful is going to happen."

"Why why, what can happen?" cried Sarah, with a merry laugh. Then glancing from the window she added: "We may get snowed in and have to stay alone to-night, but that will not hurt us. Poor papa! He is not half way to town yet."

In thinking of his father's discomfort, Will forgot his gloomy fears, and by the time he had made things snug at the barn, he was whistling aways as happy as ever. It proved to be the worst storm of the season, and all that day, all night and into the next afternoon, the wind blew and roared, and the snow came down in blinding sheets. The colored people did not return and time dragged by on leaden feet. How long they would have to remain alone was a question that troubled them not a little, when near night on the second day a man drove up to the door and shouted.

He drove one horse hitched to a light wagon, with a queer, old-fashioned top which was drawn closely. The horse was well-nigh exhausted, and Will was not surprised when he demanded lodgings for the night. Sarah hesitated, not liking to take in a stranger in her father's absence, but it was still snowing heavily and she could not well refuse. So, bidding Will show him where to put his horse, she set about preparing supper. The stranger was an evil-looking fellow and showed his low breeding at the supper table in various ways. He was very talkative and rudely inquisitive in regard to the affairs of the household. Will answered saucily at times, at which he scowled savagely at the boy in a way that made Sarah's heart beat quickly with fear.

When he had finished his supper he sat down beside the kitchen stove, where, after ordering Will to bring him some liquor, he proceeded to fill and light his pipe. Fortunately Mr. Harbin had taken the key of the spirit-room, so the man grumblingly contented himself with some bottled ale which happened to be in the cellar.

Sarah hurriedly finished her work and retired to the dining-room with her brother, and there the fellow sat drinking and smoking until about 9 o'clock. Then he lighted the lantern and went out to see if his horse was all right, he said.

When Sully returned from the barn, he retired at once to his room, which opened off the kitchen, first inquiring where the others were to sleep. His face wore a look of satisfaction when told in the other part of the house that puzzled Sarah not a little.

What she had told him was strictly true, but owing to the peculiar manner in which the house was built the back of Sarah's room adjoined that which had been given Sully. She was so afraid he would mistrust her proximity that she retired without a light and lay shivering and sleepless for hours. Everything remained quiet, however, and she was beginning at last to doze, when a noise in the next room startled her broad awake, and she caught a gleam of light through a crack in the thin partition. A moment she lay faint from fear, then, slipping from the bed, she put her eye to the aperture.

Sully had lighted both lamp and lantern, and with the latter in his hand, was in the act of leaving the room, fully dressed, even to overcoat and mittens. Listening intently she heard the outer door open and shut, then ran quickly to Will's room with the tidings. Quickly dressing, he returned with her to the post of observation and together they waited for what might come. They soon heard him coming, walking as if he carried a heavy load. He made no pretense of being careful as to noise, but flung his burden upon the bed with an exclamation of relief, and stood a moment panting heavily.

It was a human form wrapped in a blanket, and Sarah had well-nigh uttered a scream of horror as he pulled the covering aside and she saw it was a man with his throat cut from ear to ear. Grinning horribly, Sully proceeded to arrange the body in the bed.

"The gal and boy'll find me mighty hard ter wake in ther mornin'," he chuckled. "I'd kinder like ter see it, but guess I hadn't better wait round."

When he had carefully arranged the bedding, he listened a moment, then, apparently satisfied all was right, he picked up the lantern and again passed out of sight.

Then a wild unreasoning terror took possession of the girl, and grasping Will's hand she sprang up, whispering shrilly: "He is coming to murder us! Let us hide in the store-room."

Had they remained quiet he would perhaps have not molested them, but, noiseless as were their movements, he heard them and followed ere they could close and bar the heavy store-room door behind them.

Sarah had caught up her watch as she fled and was thrusting it down in the meal chest, when he saw her and guessed she was hiding something valuable. Will had brought a lamp from the table in the dining room as he ran past, and had been but a moment in lighting it. So the man's tigerish face was plainly visible as, stepping to Sarah's side, he ordered her to give him whatever she had hidden. Seeing she was too frightened to stir, he turned to Will and with a savage curse called him to hold up the heavy lid of the chest while he reached for the things himself.

The boy obeyed, not daring to refuse, and bending over, the ruffian began groping in the meal with his hand. Now this meal chest was a huge affair, six feet long and four feet square the other way.

It had but little meal in it that night, and as Sarah saw the fellow bending so far over, an idea suddenly flashed into her mind. By motions she communicated it to her brother, and by united effort they sent him headlong into the bin, and slamming down the cover, fastened it with a hasp and wooden pin. A keg of white sand and a jar of meat were quickly placed on top of the cover and then the two looked at one another with quiet satisfaction. The murderer was caught, and let him pound, rave and curse as much as he chose, it would benefit him not one whit.

"Will he smother in there?" asked Will, after a moment, and a startled look came into his sister's face. A moment she stood in thought, then ran across the room and took an auger from the wall. The chest was of oak and well seasoned by age, but they succeeded in boring several holes in it near the top. Then, paying no attention to the cries and entreaties of the man, they went out, locking the door behind them. They also locked the door leading to the kitchen, shivering with dread as they thought of that thing of horror in the bed out there. Then, sitting hand in hand by the fire in the front room, they debated what to do. Mr. Harbin had said he would be gone four days if not more. The negroes having gone on foot might not return in a week. There seemed only one thing to do, but neither mentioned it for a time. The snow had stopped, the wind had gone down and a full moon made it almost as light as day.

"The wolves will be out and the road may be impassable," said Sarah at length, voicing the thoughts of her brother.

"Still, I must go," and he rose with a resolute air. Sarah grew very white, but got his overcoat, muffler and mittens without a word, and the brave lad was soon on his way to Delongeh, mounted on the best horse his father owned. Sarah bade him a cheery Godspeed and he never guessed the agony of fear she endured at being left alone in the great house with two such dreadful companions. It was only 1 o'clock and long hours must pass ere he returned with help.

The boy will never forget that night ride. His horse could only get along in a slow walk, the snow was so deep, and in places had to flounder through great drifts. The howling of the hungry mountain wolves made his blood run cold, but none molested him, and about ten o'clock he rode into the village and told his story. By the time he had breakfasted, his father and a posse of men, with the sheriff at their head, were ready for the return; but it was four o'clock ere they rode up to the door of the Blue tavern.

Sarah opened the door, her worn, haggard face proving what a terrible waiting it had been to her. Sully was found where they had left him, half dead from cold and hunger, but lived to be hung for the crime he had committed. The children were highly complimented for the course they pursued, and the story of their bravery widely repeated; but I wish to ask you which was the bravest, the one who went or the one who stayed?—Rye Johnson, in The Home.

THE GAY GIRAFFE.

He Is Open to Anything Green and Pleasant-Looking.

"Any man who can train to do tricks a kind of animal which has not been so trained before seems to be in a fair way to get rich," said a visitor to Barnum's circus within hearing of a New York Tribune reporter. "Look at those cats for instance. How the crowd enjoys their antics, though in themselves they are not nearly so wonderful as those of the monkeys. But people are used to the monkeys' tricks, and the cats are a novelty. I've a good mind to buy a giraffe and train him to run at full speed around the ampitheatre. There's a fortune in it."

"That's not a very difficult trick to teach certainly," said the reporter, "but I don't think the public would care much to see that."

"Well, that's where I differ with you," replied the other. "I think they would almost split their sides with laughter. To see a giraffe at full speed is, I think, one of the funniest sights in the world.

"There are possibilities for fun-making in the old cameleopard, or 'savage sheep,' as Pliny called him, that you wot not of. In the first place, he has a gait between a canter and pacing.

"One fore leg and one hind leg are shifted at the same time, but he does not go evenly; he manages to get the jump of a canter into a pacer's stride. Then, again, the hind legs fly out from the side like those of a cow, and at the same time come very far forward in their stride. The long neck is stretched far out ahead, and the head swings from side to side like a pendulum with every jump. The tail is thrown up upon the back, and there flops from one side of the spine to the other in opposite time to the swinging of the head. The nostrils and eyes are wildly dilated and every motion is exaggerated, awkward and grotesque; yet the giraffe covers the ground like a race horse, and altogether presents a picture of motion which seems like a caricature of nature and would furnish the snap-shot photographer with an inestimable opportunity.

"As you look at him here in his cage he seems like an only slightly animated hatrack; but he is a lively beast in the open. Here comes his keeper with hay and carrots and a few big onions. Watch the giraffe's mouth fairly slabber at sight of the onions. Giraffe's seem to be guided more by sight than smell in the choice of their food. I've seen them pick the green leaves from the hat of a woman and only spit them out after chewing them.

"In winter quarters, where they have more room than in the cages while on the road, I saw a peacock once strut proudly past the giraffes' pen, and one of the long-necked fellows reached over, and, winding his wonderfully prehensile tongue about a dozen gay tail feathers, lifted the astonished bird off his feet and gave him a shake which took out about one-fifth of his gaudy appendage. When the giraffe tasted the feathers he gave them back, but the peacock had no longer any use for them.

Return the Bonds.

From Albany, N. Y., comes the story that in July, 1888, the bunco artist, John Price now serving a nineteen-year sentence at Dannemora, slipped up behind P. K. Dedrick just as he left his carriage in the front of the Farmers and Mechanics' bank and extracted from the seat a package containing $25,000 in negotiable bonds. A few days ago the bonds were received by ex-District Attorney Hugh Reilly. The package was intact, and the accumulated interest makes them worth about $43,000. There is no clue from where they came except that they were sent from New York city. The mystery lies in the fact that they were returned at all, as they are negotiable.

"Cease Firing."

There recently died at Rome Ricci Consorte, the well-known master of ceremonies of the capitol. Formerly he was the officer who preceded the pope's carriage in the streets to open the way and keep order. An anecdote connects his name with the memorable Sept. 20, 1870. About 10 o'clock on the morning of that day he was seen, in his usual livery, running hastily into the vatican through the bronze doors where was stationed the papal guard, and crying loudly: "Cease firing! his holiness the pope has given orders to yield!" Soon after the white flag floated from the cupola of St. Peter's, the roll of cannon ceased at the Porta Pia and the temporal power fell!

Not to the Point.

"Where were you last night?" asked Jolliboy, addressing Chappie, who was looking very much out of sorts.

"My mind is a blank," said Chappie.

"That's not what I am talking about," said Jolliboy. "I was asking where you were last night."—N. Y. Press.

To Allay Seasickness.

By a combination of movable ballast in the form of pendulums controlled by water cylinders fitted with loaded valves it is proposed to control the rolling of vessels in a seaway that the disagreeable features attending their want of steadiness will entirely disappear.

Appropriate.

Cumso—What are you going to do with that mouse, Johnny?

Johnny Cumso—Use it for bait.

Cumso (astonished)—For bait?

Johnny—Yes; I'm going to try to catch some catfish.—Jester.

OLDEST SETTLERS.

THE PRE-HISTORIC INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

It Is Believed That They Crossed the Pacific In the Fifth Century—Some Relics of Their Existence—Serpent Mound of Ohio.

Four hundred years ago the country we live in was unknown to the rest of the world. There were no cities, no railroads and bridges, no horses and wagons, no broad smooth roads. The people were of a dark, reddish brown color, and lived in wigwams covered with bark. In the whole space between the Mississippi and the Atlantic there were probably not so many people

ETOWA MOUND.

as live to-day in a single city like Boston or Cincinnati. Far away to the southward, where corn grew with little care and where bananas and other tropical fruits were native, there were large villages in Mexico and Yucatan, and even on the dry plains of Arizona and New Mexico; but with these exceptions America might be called "an empty continent—a desert land awaiting its inhabitants."

The central part of America had not always been so lonely. The country drained by the Mississippi and the Great Lakes bears traces of a larger population the white men found there. These little known people are called Mound Builders, from the huge piles of earth which they raised for various purposes. They are supposed to have been of the same race as the Indian tribes found by Europeans. But while ten thousand mounds are found within the single State of Ohio, the same region was without settled inhabitants two hundred ago.

Many of these mounds were for purposes of burial. We learn something of the habits of the people from the ornaments of copper, stone and shell which they buried with the dead. Other mounds were bases of watch-towers and signal stations; some were fortresses, and their angles show much skill in the art of defense. On some, houses were built for safety against attack. They were reached by graded road-ways or by ladders which could be drawn up at night or when enemies

SOME POTTERY.

were near. Effigy mounds were rudely shaped to resemble men or animals. One of these, in Adams county, Ohio, is like a serpent, over a thousand feet in length, in the act of swallowing an egg, one hundred and sixty-four feet long.

Knives, chisels, and axes of flint and copper; carved pipes, beads and bracelets; vases of polished and painted earthernware have been found in the mounds, and some of them are of fine workmanship. Smoothly hammered plates of copper are stamped with figures of men and birds, which, though rude to our notions, show some idea of art.

Whence came the early inhabitants of America? is a question that can not be positively answered. A company of Chinese sailors, in the fifth century, driven off shore by westerly winds, sailed many weeks until they came to a great continent.

Here they found the aloe and other plants that were strange to them, but which we know to be Mexican. The savages on either side of Behring strait meet every year to barter their fish and furs. Many from Asia may have wandered southward along the coast.

Even within the last hundred years fifteen vessels have been driven across the Pacific to our western shores; and during all the previous ages we may believe that many like things had taken place.

Doubtless, also, the Greek and Phoenician sailors may have crossed the narrower Atlantic. The first white visitors to America, of whom we have any trustworthy record, came from Iceland, and its present white inhabitants are of European descent.

Iceland had been occupied about a hundred years by a hardy, seafaring race from Norway, when, in A. D. 985, Eric the Red, an Icelandic chief, discovered Greenland, and planted a colony on its southwest shore. This became a thrifty settlement through its trade with the Esquimaux, and paid a yearly tribute to the pope. One of Eric's comrades, driven out of his way

SOME HUMAN BONES.

by a storm, saw the mainland of North America stretching far away to the southwest.

In A. D. 1000, Eric's son, Leif the Fortunate, undertook, with thirty-five brave companions, to examine this more fertile and attractive shore. They saw the flat rocks of Newfoundland, the white banks of Nova Scotia, and the long, sandy beach of Cape Cod.

From its great numbers of wild-grapes, Rhode Island was Good Vin land.

Leif's party wintered in New England, and in the spring carried home news of their discovery.

Parties of Icelanders are thought to have visited the shores of what are now South Carolina and Georgia. The northern natives had told them of a "white man's land" to the southward, where fair-faced processions marched in white robes, with banners at their heads to the music of hymns.

Though they never found this abode of pale-faces, the Northmen named it Great Ireland, and some writers believe that Irish fisherman had indeed settled on this continent.

Thorfin Karlsefne, a famous Icelandic sea-rover, explored the bays and harbors of the New England coast. Huts were built and a brisk trade was carried on with the natives, who were glad to exchange their furs for the bright colored clothes, knives and trinkets.

At least one little Northman was born on the American continent. His name was Snorri, and from him, in our day the great sculptor, Thorwaldsen, and the learned historian, Finn Magnusson, traced their descent.

In time, however, the Northmen loaded their ships with timber and sailed away to Greenland, and thence to Iceland.

If any settlers remained behind, they became so mingled with the dark brown natives that when white men came again, their descendants were 'not to

BONE IMPLEMENTS.

be distinguished from other Indians on the coast.

COLUMBUS'S LOST ANCHOR.

The Oldest Relic in Existence of the Great Navigator.

On the night of the 2d of August, 1498, the little fleet of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, he being then upon his third voyage, lay at anchor just off the southwest point of the Island of Trinidad, off the main land of South America, which he had seen that day for the first time.

"Being on board of his ship," says Washington Irving in his history of the great navigator, "late at night kept awake by painful illness and an anxious and watchful spirit, he heard a terrible roaring from the south, and beheld the sea heaped up, as it were, by a great ridge or hill, the height of the ship, covered with foam and rolling toward him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded lest it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while another of the ships was torn violently from her anchorage, leaving her anchor behind her. The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up, but the mountainous surge passed on, and gradually subsided, after a violent contest with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Para, and which were as yet unknown to Columbus."

The anchor thus lost on the night of August 2, 1498, nearly 400 years ago, from one of the ships of Columbus, off the southwest extremity of the Island of Trinidad (Point Arenal, as Columbus named the spot, vide Irving) has recently been recovered by Senor Argostino, the gentleman who now owns the point of land in question. It has the rare merit of being the oldest relic extant of the great navigator and of the discovery of America.

As would be expected from the age of this relic, it is an anchor in the simplest form of expression. The shaft is round and 8 feet 9 inches in length. At the head of the shaft is a round ring nearly a foot in diameter to which the cable was fastened. The flukes have a spread of about 5 feet. The total weight is 1,100 pounds.

This anchor was dug up by Senor Argostino in his garden from a depth of six feet at the distance of 327 feet from the nearest beach of the sea. His first supposition was that he had stumbled upon a relic of the Phoenicians or of some other of the ancient nations who have been supposed by many to have visited the coasts of America thousands of years ago.

But an examination of local facts and authorities soon convinced him that a portion of his garden now occupies the very post at which the ships of Columbus lay at anchor on the night of August 2, 1498. The land is constantly rising from the sea along the entire coast, as has been shown by Humboldt, Findlay and scores of others who have written upon the subject, and the rate of this rising is known to have been quite sufficient to turn in 400 years the anchorage of the great fleet into the garden of a private citizen.

There is not a particle of doubt, therefore, at the end of the rigid inquiry that has been made that the anchor recently found by Senor Argostino is really and truly the lost anchor of Columbus.

A German has invented an incandescent lamp apparatus for showing the interior of boilers while under steam.

Waterproof cellulose paper, of one and two colors, is being introduced by a German firm for tablecloths, book back, temporary covers for roof, etc.

ALL IN THE FINISH.

The Reason Why Fire-Proof Buildings Burn.

Any one who has ever witnessed the rapid spread of a great fire may well doubt the resistance of a steel building guarded only with a thin veneer of non-heat-conducting material says the Engineering magazine! In the great Boston fire the writer witnessed the spread of the flames to windward across a street 120 feet wide in such a manner as would utterly forbid him from ever granting a policy upon a tall office building constructed in the manner described, which might be exposed to the heat generated by the combustion of a warehouse of ordinary construction in proximity to it.

The instances of the complete destruction of so-called fire proof factories, store houses, wheat elevators and other buildings composed mainly of iron and brick are so numerous as to have given underwriters a profound distrust of iron or steel, unless so thickly encased with non heat conducting material as not to be liable to be heated to the point of dangerous expansion.

I once computed the heat units in the many cords of pine wood partition, sheathing, etc., in what purported to be a slow-burning warehouse of heavy mill construction and I found that it would have sufficed to supply charcoal enough to melt a large charge of pig-iron in a puddling furnace.

It thus happens that one often finds in the papers a record of the complete destruction by fire of what had been called either a fire-proof building or a building of so called mill construction, or a slow-burning building free from hollow spaces and free from many of the faults which infest the common examples of combustible architecture—merely because the same foresight which had been exercised in the main elements of construction had been lost in dealing with the finish. All these causes of danger are very prevalent, even in buildings which might be wholly safe from the rapid combustion of any part of the building itself if common sense had been applied to the finish.

It therefore follows that the true question of safety does not consist wholly either in limiting the height, or the number of stories, or the width and length of floor areas. Each of these elements must be dealt with, in connection with the method of finishing, and even then the final consideration must be given to the proposed use of contents of such buildings. Until all these elements have been carefully considered, and until specific rules have been established in regard to each and all the elements that I have named, no absolute conclusion can be reached either in respect to height, number of stories, or area of floor, so far as the danger of loss by fire is concerned.

HE JUMPED OFF THE THRONE.

The Rajah of Sikkim Encountered a Snow Storm and Came to Grief.

The Rajah of Sikkim owes political allegiance to the government of India, but his heart is with the Grand Lama of Thibet, according to the New York Sun, and he is finding it exceedingly difficult to serve two masters. His little country is just north of Bengal, and Everest, the loftiest summit in the world, overlooks the Rajah's domain on the west. A few months ago the Rajah decided that he would have relations with the Indian government no longer, and as he could not loosen its grasp on his little country, he decided to run away. He packed his treasures, and, with his harem and children, set out for Thibet, intending to abandon his country forever. He had not gone far on his way before a terrible snow storm filled the mountain valleys, rendered the passes almost impassable, and covered the lofty summits with a thick mantle. He pushed on with his train of camels for nearly a fortnight, while the poor women and children of his household were suffering terribly from cold. Then the camel drivers declined to go any further in the direction of Thibet. They said that to attempt the passes in that direction would be nearly to court death. They had lost much of the awe with which they regarded the Rajah formerly, for a self-deposed ruler did not seem to them to be very far above ordinary mortals.

In spite of his Highness's protests they turned to the west, and in a few days they landed the ex potentate in Nepaul. That country is very friendly to India, and the rulers decided that they would do a very good thing for themselves if they turned the fugitive Rajah over to the Indian government. They set his caravan marching southward with a guard of soldiers, and before long his unhappy Highness found himself a prisoner in the hands of the Indian government.

He is now in a great dilemma. As he has deposed himself, the Indian government regards him as politically dead, and now the officials are hunting around for some trustworthy member of his family to install in his place. The ex-Rajah, therefore, has no country to rule, and he is also further from Thibet than he was when he jumped off the throne. If it had not been for that aggravating snow storm he would probably have reached Lhasa in safety, and would then have been secure among the fanatical Thibetans, who have succeeded in keeping their capital and its environs entirely free from foreign influences.

Spurgeon and Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that Spurgeon owed his popularity no more to his Calvinism than a camel owed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey, and that its value depended on its hump."—Argonaut.